

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

The Christian Freeman.

A MONTHLY JOURNAL.

DEVOTED TO RELIGIOUS, MORAL, AND SOCIAL PROGRESS.

No. 3.]

MARCH, 1861.

[PRICE 1½d.

THE BOY PREACHER:

AN INSTRUCTIVE INCIDENT.

He was not a parrotty preacher, though quite a child; not repeating the words another had taught him. His were the natural utterances of his own heart, charged in the simplest manner with the highest moral truth, and beautifully illustrative of one of the most perplexing doctrines of theology, worthy we think of a larger audience than a few children, who were his listeners. But we must explain how we were led to hear him, and what he said.

It was a fine evening, such as tempt school children to the fields a hawing and berrying. One of those little groups we came upon. There was quite a scramble on the road for the haws that were thrown down from a bush, by a little boy who had gained a bough, from which he showered his blessings down. Two of the little ones on the road were struggling for a favourite branch, which led to blows and cries, and thus the little sermon began. "Don't fight," said the little fellow, from the midst of the hawthorn tree; "I wouldn't throw one down for you to fight about. See how my hands have been scratched, and bleed, to get you them; divide them fairly." This appeal was short, and the effect was like magic. The trickling blood appeased their selfishness and strife. His words were then attended to. "Brave boy," said we, and on we went, thinking of that short sermon from so young a preacher. "How oft," said we, "the bleeding hands, and feet, and side, and crown of thorns, the eloquence of the pulpit, utterly fail, compared with this boy's short address. What a scramble and fight we see going on in Church

and State! Here is a case in point. Our near neighbour—newly appointed evangelical bishop—has just filled his flattering diocese with bitterness and wrath. From such a faithful preacher of the cross his fellow-labourers expected justice. An almost sinecure living, of immense value, had fallen into his hands. This, rightly used, could have remedied much of the spiritual destitution of Durham. No, no! the bishop had a waiting son-in-law, and threw down the golden branch to him, leaving the spiritually destitute as destitute as ever, while he feeds his family at the nation's cost. The bishop preaches on about the self-denying cross, while he scrambles with worldlings. How well the bishop preaches, be saved by other's merits: it is well there is merit somewhere to save mankind, for there is precious little among the bishops. How Christians all over are beating each other down for bishoprics, deaneries, and secularities—the loaves and fishes of office. What animosities and open strife; and the cross seems powerless among the churches. How comes this perversion of its influence? The Church has taught the unnatural view of it; taught its primary purpose was to appease the wrath of God, rather than the ambition of men; taught it was to satisfy divine justice, rather than demand human right; taught it was to reconcile God to man, rather than man to man, and all to God. The world needs, and the Church needs, its primitive application still, such as the apostles taught—"That he died for all, that they who live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto him who died for them." Very like the boy preacher this; but not much like the bishop's way of preaching or doing."

MISS BREMER AND THE POPE.

At four o'clock, accordingly, last Sunday afternoon, I was in the saloons of the Vatican, to which I was introduced by a young page in a scarlet silk dress. In one large room, ornamented by two large pictures, several ladies and some gentlemen were seated, waiting for their summons, they also having requested audiences. The Pope, on Sunday afternoons, gives audience, especially to ladies, who are allowed, however, to be accompanied by their husbands or sons. We waited about an hour. I contemplated the two large pictures, which occupied two whole walls of the apartments. They were paintings of a middling quality, representing the revelation of *L'Immaculate Virgine* to Pio Nono, and of his solemn announcement of this dogma in the Church of St. Peter's.

The persons waiting in the room were called in to the Pope in the order in which they had arrived. They went in by twos or threes at a time. I was summoned to enter alone, as I had come.

Before entering the Pope's room I had to wait yet a little in a well-lighted corridor, where two Cardinals politely took charge of me. The oldest, still young—a handsome, fair, very tall gentleman, with quite a worldly appearance under the ecclesiastic cloak and cap (Monsignore di Merode), talked about my writings, with which I am sure that he was only acquainted from a critical notice of them, which has lately appeared in a French paper, the *Constitutionnel*.

He supposed that I was "a Catholic?"

I replied in the negative.

"Oh! but you must become one. You must be converted; you must not stop half-way! A lady, such as you"—and so on.

He was interrupted by the summons to the Pope. I entered, attended by Monsignore di Merode, who knelt at the door, and then left me alone with "His Holiness."

I saw, at the further end of an oblong, light, and very simply furnished room, a man of stout but handsome figure, standing at a writing-table, dressed in a

long white garment, with scarlet lapels and cap. I made one low courtesy at the door, another in the middle of the room in obedience to the Pope's sign to me to advance, and yet a third as I approached him, and took my stand on the same little carpet with him, which I did in accordance with his friendly indication of his will. (For such persons as do not kneel to the Pope, are required by the ceremonial to make three courtesies or bows.)

The portraits of the Pope are in general like him, but his full, short, and broad countenance has, when seen more nearly, less expression of kindness, and considerable more of self-will and temper than the portraits exhibit. The glance of the blue eye is lively, but not profound, and is deficient in earnestness. The complexion and physique generally indicate the best of health, a good appetite—and a good cook.

The Pope cast his eye on a written paper which he held in his hand, and having inquired about my country and place of residence, added, "You have written somewhat?"

Myself.—Yes, your Holiness; novels of domestic life—more properly descriptions of life, but in the form of novels.

The Pope.—But you are a Catholic?

Myself.—No, your Holiness—not a Roman Catholic!

The Pope.—Then you must become one. There is no completeness or consequence out of the Catholic Church.

Myself.—Permit me, your Holiness, to ask a question?

The Pope.—Yes, ask it.

Myself.—I love, with my whole heart, our Lord and Master, Jesus Christ. I believe in His divinity; in His redeeming efficacy for me and the whole world; I will alone obey and serve Him. Will your Holiness not acknowledge me as a Christian?

The Pope.—For a Christian? Most certainly. But——

Myself.—And as a member of the Church of Christ?

The Pope.—Ye—s, in a certain sense; but—but then people must acknowledge as true everything which this Church says and enjoins. You ought not in the

meantime to believe that the Pope sends to Hell all who do not acknowledge the infallibility of the Catholic Church. No, I believe that many persons of other creeds may be saved, by living according to the truth which they acknowledge. I believe so, most certainly.

Myself.—It delights me infinitely, to hear this from your Holiness. Because I have cherished the hope of finding in your Holiness a more righteous judge, as regards these questions, than in many other Catholics, who say, "You are not a Christian; you cannot be saved, if you do not, in all respects, believe as we and our Church do."

The Pope.—In this they are wrong. But you see, my daughter, people should be able to give an account of their Christian belief; not believe alone in generals, but believe in the separate parts of a doctrine. It is already something to believe in the second person of the Godhead, and in His incarnation; but it is necessary also to believe in the institution which he founded on earth, otherwise there can be in reality no faith in Him. And people must believe in the Pope. The Pope is Christ's representative on earth. In Sweden, the people do not believe on Christ and his Church; the extremest intolerance exists toward those who think differently to themselves. The King there has twice endeavoured to introduce religious freedom, but they would not have it.

Myself.—I know it, your Holiness; but Sweden in former times has suffered from Catholics in the country, and old laws still remain unrepealed in consequence. But it will not be long so, I hope. My countrymen will learn to have confidence in the power of truth and of Christianity.

The Pope.—Your reigning queen is Catholic.

Myself.—Yes, your Holiness, and the noblest of women; an example to her sex, an ornament to the throne.

The Pope.—All Christian princes and people ought to believe on the Pope, and obey him. Their not doing so arises from pure pride and a worldly mind. Hence State churches have arisen. The Emperor of Russia will not acknowledge the Pope, because he wishes to be Pope

himself. Queen Victoria will not acknowledge the Pope, because she herself will be Popess, and so it is in every country where there is a State church. Belief in the Pope, as the head of the Christian church, is the only rational and consequent thing; it is that alone which leads to unity and clearness. The church is an organization; a representative monarchy with its supreme head; a spiritual State. If in a State, people will not obey the supreme head, then there can be neither clearness nor order; everything becomes confusion.

Myself.—We believe in Jesus Christ, and acknowledge Him alone as the head of the Christian church.

The Pope.—But Jesus Christ is in heaven, and must have a representative on earth; and this He appointed, in the first instance, in the person of the Apostle Peter, by the words—you understand Latin?

Myself.—Poccissimo, your Holiness. I have begun to learn it lately.

The Pope.—Very good; then you will understand the words, "*Tu es Petrus, et super hanc petram ædificabo ecclesiam meam, et portæ inferni prævalabunt adversus eam. Et tibi dabo claves cælorum.*" This dignity and this power descended from Peter to every Pope who has succeeded him, from the very earliest period of the church, down to the unworthy individual who now stands before you. This is the belief and the doctrine of the church.

Myself.—We, in our church, explain these words of our Saviour differently. We consider that by Peter, He intended the Rock-man, and that the acknowledgment that Peter made, "Thou art Christ, the son of the living God!" was the rock upon which Christ would build His church, against which the gates of Hell should not prevail. We believe that Christ left the keys to all of His apostles, as well as to Peter, with power to bind and release, and that every earnest Christian, whether it be the Pope in Rome, or a poor fisherman on our coasts, has part in this church of the Rock and its privileges.

The Pope.—But you have not either confession nor absolution; you do not believe in the mass, nor in the seven

sacraments, nor upon those things or ordinances which the church of Christ appoints. He who believes the one must believe in all. There is but one God in heaven, and but one church on earth, in which he lives, by his representative, and by regulations which he has appointed. This you must understand, and, in order to become a perfect Christian, not do it by halves—make an open confession thereof.

Myself.—Loving the Lord Christ, and living according to his commandments, are, according to our belief, the essentials of the Christian!

The Pope.—Very good. I will tell you something. Pray!—pray for light from the Lord—for grace to acknowledge the truth—because this is the only means of attaining to it. Controversy will do no good. In controversy is pride and self-love. People in controversy make a parade of their knowledge—of their acuteness—and, after all, every one continues to hold his own views. Prayer alone gives light and strength for the acquirement of the truth, and of grace. Pray every day, every night before you go to rest, and I hope that grace and light may be given to you; for God wishes that we should humble ourselves, and he gives his grace to the humble. And now, God bless and keep you, for time and eternity!

This pure, priestly, and fatherly admonition was so beautifully and fervently expressed, that it went to my heart; and humbly, and with my heart, I kissed the hand paternally extended toward me. That it was the hand of the Pope did not embarrass me in the slightest degree, for he was to me, really, at this moment, the representative of the Teacher, who, in life and doctrine, preached humility, not before men, but before God, and taught mankind to pray to him. The Pope's words were entirely true and evangelical. I thanked him from my entire heart, and departed more satisfied with him than with myself. I had stood before him in my Protestant pride; he had listened with patience, replied with kindness, and finally exhorted me, not with papal arrogance, but as a true gospel teacher. I parted from him with more humility of spirit than I had come.—*Life in the Old World.*

A WORD FOR THE DOUBTING.

BY REV. HENRY BACON.

JOHN XX, 25: "Except I shall see in his hands the print of his nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and thrust my hands into his side, I will not believe."

He is a rare man, who, in the momentous things of Religion, limits himself to a certain form of proof—who says, Except such and such things shall be done, or demonstrated, I will not believe. It is no part of the duty of a truth loving soul to dictate the terms of capitulation, or to ask for certain forms of evidence as the price at which it will yield belief. Such a method indicates a coarse nature—one who is not to be approached, as the true mind is, by any and every advance of fact or evidence. It asks not merely to see the Risen Crucified, but it must see his *hands*, and the print of the nails *in* the hands, and it must put its finger into the print of the nails, and thrust its hands into the side opened by the spear that reached the heart. This is wrong. It is rash. It disqualifies a man from pursuing the right way of inquiry, and marks the doubter rather than the believer—one whose tendencies are more towards scepticism than towards a reception of rational evidence.

I do not mean by this to speak against intellectual care and caution, for Credulity is sometimes as bad as Scepticism, and Scepticism oftener than otherwise vindicates itself by a reference to the follies of Credulity. To ask for evidence of a fact proposed for belief, is right. The more and the greater the interests involved in belief, the clearer and stronger should be the proof; for the true man wants not simply to stand on the Truth, but to be rooted and grounded in it. The most stupendous proofs of the heavenly origin of Christ's mission were given, and the quality of those proofs transcended all the miracles under the Old Dispensation, because of the moral grandeur of the Religion communicated, designed as a Universal Religion. They grow and increase upon the inquirer as richer and sweeter becomes the breeze from the land as the mariner draws near his long sighed for home, and in the waters around are tokens that tell of the

land of his birth. Yes, Christianity did indeed come from the birth-place of the soul,—for

“Not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home.”

The folly against which I speak is not, therefore, asking for evidence, but in demanding a certain kind of proof, saying, Except this or that shall be, I will not believe. Not, I *cannot* believe, I *must* not believe, I *ought* not to believe, but I *will not* believe!

God is sometimes so gracious as to meet the doubter on his own ground, and to give him all he asks, as the Risen Jesus did Thomas, when he bade him do all he asked to do, and said, “Be not faithless, but believing. Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed.”

This was not the condescension of one who asked for faith on insufficient grounds. He did not say, nor can his religion be made to say, “Be not sceptical, but credulous; but be not without the common exercise of the faculty of faith, acting through mental and moral reasoning, but thus believing.” Jesus did not ask the submission of reason, but its exercise. He did not condemn the demand for evidence, but the presumption that required a certain kind of proof, limiting itself to but one of the many gates of entrance to the Holy City. Thomas, however, received all he asked for; his finger went into the nail prints and his hand into the opened side, and he was filled with wonder, and fell down exclaiming, My Lord! and My God!

When Jesus said to him, “Blessed are they who have not seen, and yet have believed,” I apprehend he referred to the higher condition of spirituality and the nobler exercise of the moral powers in those who value what appeals directly to the soul, above that which salutes the senses. The proverb is, “Seeing is believing;” but there is nothing more deceptive than the sense of sight, and we need almost every hour the use of reason or of our moral sense to correct the reports of the sense of sight. It is oftener true that believing is seeing, than the reverse; and sad are the sights which a false belief concerning God and the future impel many souls to see in Nature

and Providence, and even in the Divine Word. Better would it be to see as the old mythology taught, than as they see; while the seeing of true belief recognizes every where the harmonies and beauty which God foresaw when he pronounced all his works “very good.” It was because of the glory of what he saw that Peter exclaimed, “I believe; help thou my unbelief.” *How* his unbelief should be helped, he did not presume to say; and however dim or obscure was his perception of Christianity, he was content to say, “To whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life.” He did not put in his plea, Except thus and thus shall run the force of evidence, I will not believe. He knew the soul was greater than logic, and he had felt many times the might and power of what Christ was when he could follow not at all the chain of association by which the influence came. And there is in the experience of every truly religious man, evidences of similar effects, reminding us of the simple answer of the man to whom Jesus gave sight, when the question of Christ’s sinfulness was discussed,—“Whereas I was blind, now I see.”

But every doubter is not like Thomas. Thomas was honest and frank. When what he asked was given him, he accepted it, and, falling to his knees, he owned the sufficient proof. It is not so with all. There are many who either reject the use of the proffered proof, or instantly change ground by summoning up a new difficulty, as the Jews asked a sign and the Greek wisdom. They propose how they will believe—under what conditions, rather as an expression of their conviction that no such conditions can be complied with, than in reference to any real candid readiness to see the Truth. It is the speech of the business man on the Exchange, who says of some one in whose honour or honesty he has no faith whatever, and can have none, “When I see such and such things, I will believe.” His real meaning is, the last door of entrance is shut, and no importunity will make me arise and open it to him. Thomas was no sceptic, as we commonly use the term. He was dull of apprehension, yet full of generous impulses, and as ready to go with Jesus to Jerusalem and the death, and to ack-

knowledge the force of evidence, as to ask presumptuous proof.

This spirit that says, except I have this special kind of proof, I will not believe, is a spirit that does the world no good. It overlooks the fact that Truth and its Evidence come from where we least expect them, and the history of any man's life will tell him, that undreamed of evidence has weighed more with him in matters of the greatest consequence, than the proof for which he asked. Hence the power sometimes of circumstantial evidence—the sudden coming forth of some slight circumstance that forces upon the most incredulous the conviction of innocence or guilt. Hence too the reason why men are so often thrown down and converted by the power of truth suddenly. By the same spirit that made them dictate what should be evidence to convict them, they presume to judge of all the possible advances of the rejected system, and suddenly from an unexpected quarter issues an evidence they were not anticipating, and it is irresistible—they are shot down as by the dart that went in between the joints of the harness—they are “shot through and through with cunning words” they never imagined could be uttered. Beautifully overruled is their incredulity, as was the presumption of Thomas; for thus has been given grand evidences of the power of truth and how it is native to the soul—that when its defences or disguises are all penetrated and removed, it acknowledges its Lord and its God in a manner that leaves no doubt of the reality and fullness of conviction.

I have ventured the idea that Thomas was dull of apprehension, and united with this is the suggestion that gives moral value to my theme, which suggestion is this, that dullness of apprehension is the natural retribution for not being accessible at all, or any point, to the truth. If only by one way shall the Truth be admitted, only to that way will the attention be directed to meet her advances. By many other avenues her messengers may be advancing, but no attention is given to note them as differing from the common crowd. This is the reason why the ancients were so slow in the work of discovery. They would see only what approached in the path of

certain theories, while the moderns have gone rapidly on from conquering to conquer, because every fact was valued, and wherever the lightning flashed from the cloud, its light was used. Newton modestly, and truthfully as modestly, attributed his uncommon attainments to his patience in investigation—his calm and quiet and persevering waiting at the mouth of the oracle till the time of speaking or fitness for hearing. The new fact comes—its meaning is seen and appreciated, and its chief glory is the quickening it gives to the power of apprehending other facts and suggestions. To rouse a man from indifference to religion, or from the power of error to the force of truth, the great need is for some new fact, some new and startling experience, something that may wake him to a deeper kind of thinking, as sanity begins in the bewildered mind by the entrance of association, and arouses the faculties to new action, as a change in the wind calls all hands to the deck and to labour amid the sails of the ship at sea.

But after all, my friends, this spirit of “I will not believe” is a sad thing. Belief is that appropriation of Divine Truth which constitutes salvation. It endures as seeing Him who is invisible. It enlarges the realm of existence by bringing in the spheres of the spiritual and immortal; and no more truly does an advance in modern Astronomy and in the use of its aids make the sight of the universe more grand and overwhelming, than an increase of true Christian faith adds to the magnificence which the soul sees in the domains of the mediation of Christ. Well might the Apostle Paul represent such a faith as the raising of the quickened soul to sit in heavenly places, to behold the showing forth, through ages, of the riches of Divine Grace.

To live in such a world—such a universe, and yet deny to ourselves the admittance of any ray of its glory except it comes as we appoint, is indeed a sad thing. The only rational course is to say, and to say with a meaning, Come Truth, through any avenue thou art pleased to tread. Beautiful upon the mountains shall thy feet be, and radiant with the dew of the valley shall thy footsteps be, as there thou treadest.

Thou art the Daughter of God. Thy gifts are all to be desired. "They are spirit and they are life." They reveal the soul to itself—unfolding its origin and greatness, its duty and joy, its value to God, and its destiny. Come, O blessed Truth! in thy light we shall see light, and in thy freedom we shall be free.

The "will not believe," is more in the way than anything else. Not that men speak it out as frankly as Thomas did, but they say it in the spirit of their lives. The idea of religious faith comes associated with ideas of restraint, responsibility and eternity. These are sober things, and they do not wish to be sobered. They have a sort of pride and independence that makes them ill at ease when they think of becoming religious; and they can only consent to the idea of becoming religious, by supposing some condition or circumstance when they might desire the consolations and supports that others tell them religion furnishes.

Not always are they favoured with the approach of the evidences they desire in the time of want. When they *would*, they *cannot* believe, and they would give all the world to turn the current of their mind away from the channel in which it has so long flowed. And what is more melancholy than to see a man mastered by a passion he has nourished, and when he would sway it, finds it sways him! Many a man has set up his solitary condition, and said so long, "Except this be, I will not believe," that he has become unable to believe when the evidence that is best fitted to convince comes to him. It is only when he becomes so emptied of his pride and folly, so abject and lowly that the slightest force can lift him, that he is raised up from the misery of unbelief. Then God sometimes glorifies himself by the use of the humblest instrumentalities, and the haughty Syrian warrior comes, at the bidding of a little captive Hebrew girl to Israel's prophet, and submits to the baptism in the waters of Jordan, though Abana and Pharpar do course their silvery way amid the garden city of Damascus.

Here then is our wisdom, To throw away the Will not believe—to have no alliance with a presumptive dictation of terms to the Holy Spirit, but to ask as sincerely and as earnestly as Peter did,

Help thou my unbelief! He waited not for the evidence which Thomas demanded; but when he beheld the form of Jesus on the opposite shore, he waited not for the boat to cross the waves, but girded his fisher's coat about him and dashed into the waters and swam to the embrace of his Lord and Master. His readier spirit was rewarded by the most speedy experience of the reality of Christ's resurrection, and the glory, that like the prophecies of a new day, hung around him. The affections fly quicker to the Truth than the intellect, and he is the wisest who stands expecting the new manifestations of the king of glory, rather than doubting that he has come to the earth. "Arise and shine! for thy light hath come."

THE WORD "THOUGHT."

"Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink."—MATT. vi. 25.

THIS "take no thought" is certainly an inadequate translation in our present English of the Greek original. The words seem to exclude and condemn that just forward-looking care which belongs to a man, and differences him from the beasts which live only on the present; and most English critics have lamented the inadvertence of our Authorised Version, which is bidding us "take no thought" for the necessities of life, prescribes to us what is impracticable in itself and would be a breach of Christian duty, even were it possible. When our translation was made, "take no thought" was a perfectly correct rendering of the original. "Thought" was then constantly used as an equivalent to anxiety or solicitous care; as let witness this passage from Bacon: "Harris, an alderman in London, was put to trouble, and died with *thought* and anxiety before his business came to an end." Or still better, this from one of the "Somer's Tracts"—(its date is that of the reign of Queen Elizabeth):—"In 500 years only two Queens have died in childbirth; Queen Catherine Parr died rather of *thought*." A better example than either of these, is that occurring in Shakspeare's "Julius Caesar" ("*take thought* and die for Cæsar"), where "to take thought" is to take a matter so seriously to heart that death ensues.—Dr. Trench.

WHAT UNITARIANISM IS NOT.

SOME time ago a gentleman on a stage-coach, passing through the city of Bath, and observing a handsome edifice, inquired of the driver what building it was. The driver replied, "It is the Unitarian Church." "Unitarian!" said the gentleman; "and what is that?" "I don't know," said Jehu, "but I believe it is in the *opposition line*." This is just the point of view, the "opposition line," that many good, devout, and generally well-informed people regard the entire Unitarian movement; and to this view they have added unfounded and exaggerated fears of the amount and character of the opposition. It would be unjust to the Christian religion to say it was but the negation of Judaism, though it counterstates and ignores much that Moses taught. It is equally unjust to Unitarianism to say it is a "system of negations," "the half-way house to infidelity," "the denial of the fundamental doctrines of Christianity," "the taking away of a sinner's hope of pardon," and all such things as these; for one church, as well as another, with equal propriety, may make those allegations from their stand point of view. Under the following heads we would endeavour to lessen the distance there appears to some minds to be between us and other denominations.

1.—Unitarianism is not a system of religion founded on a different Bible from that which is in common use. We are not aware that there is a church among us that has in its pulpit for its lessons and devotions a different Bible from the one in common use. The authorized Bible of the Roman Catholics is a little different from the Protestants; we can assure our readers it is not so between Trinitarians and Unitarians, however much we desire to see a more correct version of the original Scripture in use among the people. Learned men, of both the established church and dissenters, of Europe and America as well, have attempted "improved versions" of the Bible; the same thing has been done by some learned Unitarians, whose service to the better understanding of the Holy Book has not been in vain.

2.—Unitarianism is not Atheism, as some have been unscrupulous enough to assert. Because we have a view of the Godhead, that speaks of God as one, not three persons in one, it has been contended we are Atheists, as we do not believe in the Trinity. This is unfair towards us; we may say it is very unkind to spread such a report as some have been diligent to do. In the first ages of the Church the Christians were persecuted as Atheists, because they did not hold the views of God that were common among the Pagans, yet they protested against this charge of atheism, and said they believed in God who made the world and all things therein,—so do we.

3.—Unitarianism is neither Christ denying or Christ dishonouring. A kind friend who once in company heard us speak of Christ as the Saviour of the world, said we could not be Unitarians, for the Unitarians denied Christ; this we showed was a baseless calumny, for neither pope, bishop, nor queen was any authority in religion to us: Christ is all in all. Nor do we dishonour Christ by saying he was the Son of God and not God the Son. We keep to *his* teaching, him alone we would obey. They honour Christ best who obey him most; and our faith, we know, is in strict uniformity with his word.

4.—Unitarianism is not Deism. The real difference between the Deist and the Unitarian may be stated in the following words. The Deist has laboured hard to show we have no revelation of God's will: he has written and contended that Christianity was no special revelation to mankind, approved by miracle and sign which God did by its first teachers. No denomination, or class of men, has more clearly confronted and confounded the Deist than the Unitarian. The works of Drs. Lardner, Channing, Priestley, and others, are the best antidotes extant to Deism.

5.—Unitarians are not antisupernaturalists or German neologians. That there are antisupernaturalists in both Trinitarian and Unitarian churches cannot be denied. Some of them may be teachers and preachers. We do not know one such minister. Nor do we know of one Unitarian church that would accept of such a minister as

their pastor, if he were to avow himself a disbeliever in the miracles of the New Testament.

6.—Unitarianism is not a system of mere negations, but of positive religious truth, truths which are the common element and spiritual life of all Christian churches. The universal Fatherhood of God, and the common brotherhood of men, are its central heavenly and earthly ideas, with life eternal the gift of God. It denies no other doctrines than those which are thought dishonourable to God and hurtful to man.

7.—Unitarians are not disbelievers in a God of *justice*. It is sometimes asserted we believe only in mercy. We can assure the world we believe that God is just, and will visit his children in justice. It is because we do not believe God is a God of *injustice*, visiting the sin of a finite and frail creature with an eternity of torment, that the charge is preferred against us.

8.—Unitarianism is not a recent or new exposition of the Christian religion. It is demonstrably the faith of the first centuries of the Christian era, before either Catholicism or Protestantism was known in the world. The conflict between Arius and Athanasius marks the period of the change, and the transition state the Church experienced in the fourth century. The Church experienced several changes before gross folly and superstition completely buried apostolic teaching, nor do we doubt it must undergo several changes before pure and simple Christianity is restored.

9.—Unitarianism is not a system of *dry morality*, as it is called. Unitarianism inculcates love to God and love to man; sound piety, good morals, and hope of immortality. It contends earnestly for Christian faith, sound doctrines, and sound life. Our churches are not mere literary and philosophical lecture-halls, for the discussion of difficult ethical problems, but temples for united thanksgiving and prayer, and earnest suasion to true Christian life; where God Almighty, we believe, is worshipped, holy communion is held, and spiritual and benevolent affections are cultivated. If this is nothing but dry morality, and filthy rags, then we

stand on this morality which is neither dry nor cold, we well know.

10.—Unitarianism is not following Socinus, Priestley, or Channing. Good as these men were, we can see they were but fallible men, and only humble imitators, as we all are, of Jesus Christ. In a word, Unitarianism is nothing more or less than New Testament Christianity. That book is our creed and formulary, and the life of Christ, in its piety, purity, and benevolence, our constant aim.

THE DEACON'S DILEMMA; OR THE USE OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

DEACON TILDEN had the squarest, neatest white house that ever showed its keen angles from the dusky clumps of old lilac bushes. In front of it stood, on each side of the doorway, two thrifty cherry trees, which bore a bushel each, every season. Excepting the aforementioned lilac trees, there was not a flower or shrub around the place. Rose bushes, the Deacon thought, rotted the house, and the honeysuckle which his wife tried to train over the porch was torn down when the painters came, and on the whole, the Deacon said, what was the use of putting it up, so long as it did not bear anything?

By the side of the house was a thrifty, well-kept garden, with plenty of currant bushes, gooseberry bushes, and quince trees, and the beets and carrots and onions were the pride of the Deacon's heart; but, as he often proudly said, "everything was for *use*,"—there was nothing fancy about it. His wife put in timorously one season for a flower-border—Mrs. Jenkins had given her a petunia, and Mrs. Simpkins had brought her a package of flower seeds from New York—and so a bed was laid out. But the thrifty Deacon soon found that the weeding of it took time that Mrs. Tilden might give to her dairy, or to making shirts and knitting stockings, and so it really troubled his conscience. The next spring he turned it into his corn-field; and when his wife mildly intimated her disappointment, said, placidly, "After all, 'twas a thing of no use, and took time;"

and Mrs. Tilden, being a meek woman, and one of the kind of saints who always suppose themselves miserable sinners, specially confessed her sin of being inwardly vexed about the incident, in her prayers that night, and prayed that her eyes might be turned off from beholding vanity, and that she might be quickened in the way of minding her work.

The front parlour of the Deacon's house was the most frigid asylum of neatness that ever discouraged the eyes and heart of a visitor. The four blank walls were guiltless of any engraving or painting, or of any adornment but an ordinary wall paper, and a framed copy of the Declaration of Independence—on each of the three sides stood four chairs—under the looking-glass was a shining mahogany table, with a large Bible and an almanac on it, and a pair of cold, glittering brass andirons illustrated the fireplace. The mantel-shelf above had a pair of bright brass candlesticks with a pair of snuffers between—and that was all. The Deacon liked it—it was plain and simple—no nonsense about it—every thing for use and nothing for show—it suited him. His wife sometimes sighed and looked around it when she was sewing, as if she wanted something, and then sung in the good old psalm—

“From vanity turn off mine eyes:
Let no corrupt design
Or covetous desires arise
Within this heart of mine.”

The corrupt design to which this estimable matron had been tempted had been the purchase of a pair of Parian flower vases, whose beauty had stuck to her heart when she went with her butter and eggs to the neighbouring city; but recollecting herself in time, she had resolutely shut her eyes to the allurements, and spent the money usefully in buying loaf-sugar. For it is to be remembered that the Deacon was fond of good eating, and prided himself on the bounties of his wife's table. Few women knew better how to set one—and the snowy bread, golden butter, clear preserves and jellies, were themes of admiration at all the tea-tables in the land. The Deacon didn't mind a few cents in a pound more for a nicer ham, and would now and then bring in a treat of oysters from the city when they were dearest.

These were comforts, he said—one must stretch a point for the comforts of life.

The Deacon must not be mistaken for a tyrannical man or a bad husband. When he quietly put his wife's flower-patch into his corn-field, he thought he had done her a service, by curing her of an absurd notion for things that took time, and made trouble, and were of no use; and she, dear soul, never had breathed a dissent to any course of his loud enough to let him know she had one. He laughed in his sleeve often when he saw her so tranquilly knitting or shirt-making at those times she had been wont to give to her poor little contraband pleasures. As for the flower-vases, they were repented of—and Mrs. Tilden put a handful of spring anemones into a cracked pitcher and set it on her kitchen table, till the Deacon tossed them out of the window—“he couldn't bear to see weeds growing round.”

The poor little woman had a kind of chronic heart-sickness, like the pining of a teething child, but she never knew exactly what it was she wanted. If she was ever sick, no man could be kinder than the Deacon. He has been known to harness in all haste and rush to the neighbouring town at four o'clock in the morning, that he might bring her some delicacy she had a fancy for—or that he could see the use; but he could not sympathize in her craving desire to see Power's Greek Slave, which was exhibiting in a neighbouring town. “What did Christian people want of *stun* images?” he wanted to know. He thought the Scripture put that thing down—“Eyes have they, but they see not—ears have they, but they hear not—neither speak they through the throat. They that make them are like unto them: so is every one that trusteth in them.” There was the Deacon's opinion of the arts; and Mrs. Deacon only sighed, and wished she could see it—that was all.

But it came to pass that the Deacon's eldest son went to live in New York, and from that time strange changes began to appear in the family that the Deacon didn't like; but as Jethro was a smart, driving lad, and making money at a great pace, he at first said nothing. But on his mother's birthday, down he came and brought a box for his mother,

which, being unpacked, contained a Parian statuette of Paul and Virginia—a lovely, simple little group as ever told its story in clay.

Everybody was soon standing around it in open-mouthed admiration, and poor Mrs. Tilden wiped her eyes more than once as she looked on it. It seemed a vision of beauty in the desolate neatness of the best room.

"Very pretty, I s'pose," said the Deacon, doubtfully, for like most fathers of spirited twenty-three-year-olders, he began to feel a little awe of his son; "but, dear me, what a sight of money to give for a thing that after all is of no use!"

"I think," said Jethro, looking at his mother's suffused eyes, "it is one of the most *useful* things that has been brought into this house this many a day."

"I don't see how you're going to make that out," said the Deacon, looking apprehensively at the young Wisdom that had risen in his father's household.

"What will you wager me, father, that I will prove out of your own mouth that this statuette is as useful as your cart and oxen?"

"I know you've got a great way of coming round folks, and twitching them up before they fairly know where they are; but I'll stan' you on this question." And the Deacon put his yellow silk bandanna over his bald head, and took up his position in the window-seat.

"Well, now, father, what is the use of your cart and oxen?"

"Why, I couldn't work the farm without them, and you'd all have nothing to eat, drink, or wear."

"Well, what is the use of our eating, drinking, and wearing?"

"Use? Why, we could not keep alive without it."

"And what is the use of our keeping alive?"

"The use of our keeping alive?"

"Yes, to be sure; why do we try and strive, and twist and turn to keep alive, and what's the use of living?"

"Living! Why we want to live; we enjoy living—all creatures do—dogs and cats, and every kind of beast. Life is sweet."

"The use of living, then, is that we enjoy it?"

"Yes."

"Well, we all enjoy this statuette, so that there is the same value to that that there is in living; and if your oxen and carts and food and clothes, and that you call necessary things, have no value except to keep in life, and life has no value except enjoyment, then this statuette is a short cut to the great thing for which your farm and everything else is designed. You do not enjoy your cart for what it is, but because of its use to get food and clothes, and food and clothes we value for the enjoyment they give. But a statuette, or a picture, or any beautiful thing, gives enjoyment *at once*. We enjoy it the moment we see it—for itself and not for any use we mean to make of it. So that strikes the great end of life quicker; than anything else, don't it? Hey, Father—haven't I got my case?"

"I believe the pigs are getting to the garden," said the Deacon, rushing out of the front door.

But to his wife he said, before going to bed, "Isn't it amazing the way Jethro can talk? I couldn't do it myself, but I had it in me though, if I'd had his advantages. Jethro is a chip of the old block."

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FOUR PAPERS ON SLAVERY.

No. 1.

WHAT THE OLD TESTAMENT TEACHES ABOUT SLAVERY.

(1.) "He that stealeth a man, and selleth him, or if he be found in his hand, he shall surely be put to death."—Exodus xxi. 16. "I will be a swift witness against those that oppress the hireling in his wages, and that turn aside the *stranger* from his *right*."—Malachi iii. 5. "If thou seest the oppression of the poor, and violent perverting of judgment and justice in a province, marvel not at the matter, for he that is higher than the highest regardeth, and there be higher than they."—Eccle. v. 8.

(2.) "Is not this the fast that I have chosen? to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke."—Isaiah lviii. 6. "And ye shall hallow the fiftieth year, and proclaim liberty throughout all the land, unto ALL the inhabitants thereof."—Lev. xxv. 10. "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself."—Lev. xix. 18.

(3.) The whole spirit of Old Testament morality is, "Thou shalt not steal, nor hold stolen property." "He that oppresseth the poor reproacheth his maker." "Relieve the oppressed; execute judgment for the stranger, fatherless, and needy." "Envy thou not the oppressor, and choose none of his ways." "Whoso stoppeth his ear to the cry of the poor, he shall cry and not be heard." "Proclaim liberty to the captive, undo the heavy burden, break EVERY Yoke, and let the oppressed go free."

(4.) The Old Testament, on its first page, contains the charter of human liberty, "God made MAN (*i.e.* universal man) in his own image, and blessed him, and gave him dominion over all the earth—the creeping things of the earth, the birds of the air, and the fish of the sea." God himself holds dominion over man; "human left from human free." The Bible classes men-stealers with murderers of fathers and mothers, and among the worst criminals of the earth, pronouncing on them the sentence of death.

(5.) The first record we have of Slavery, of one man being sold to another, is the case of Joseph, in the book of Genesis; and like all the man-stealing and man-selling since, it was *might* triumphing over *right*; it was the morally better man sacrificed by the morally worse. This is not a scriptural precept for Slavery, but a scriptural precedent it may be said; for we never find this infamous robbery in one text condemned, but resulting in the most fortunate circumstances, for a time, to that family. This is the prototype, the pattern exact of Slavery, found in the Bible; yet what Bible reader can be so morally stolid

as not to see that this first sale of a man is as contrary to the spirit of the Bible as it possibly can be; and so was the second sale of a man, and every sale of a man since that time.

(6.) The system of Slavery has not one commendation in the Bible. The regulations of bond-servants in the Mosaic code neither endorse nor sustain it as it exists in America. But further, we are no more bound, as Christians, to the order of social service, or involuntary servitude, as it existed among the Jews, than to their order of marching, or of battle. The Bible justly merits our reverence and attention, but that superstitious way of handling it, too common, would endorse drunkenness, because Noah got drunk; polygamy, because Abraham had more than one wife; and would defend Slavery, because we find some account of bond service in the Bible.

(7.) The word slave is found but twice in our translation; in the curse of Babylon, for making merchandise of men's bodies and souls,—Rev. xviii. 13; and in Jer. ii. 14, Israel degraded in moral life, "a home-born slave;" yet the words "*servant*" and "*bond-servant*" refer to involuntary servitude under which some were. It may be some of those bond-servants were taken in war; *might* in this case alone established the claim; some were the voluntary hired servants of their masters, for life, by sale or agreement: in this case we see nothing wrong. The laws of the Old Testament, touching such servitude, give no more countenance to Slavery of the blacks, under the mastership of the whites, than the Slavery of the whites, with the blacks for their masters.

(8.) Citizens of Britain, at the present day, bind themselves under certain conditions, and for advantages they gain, as bond-servants. They do the same with their children, for a course of years, and the laws of Britain sustain such agreements, and make humane regulations touching them; yet the spirit of our constitution is against Slavery. The case is somewhat similar in the bible. Jews sold themselves to each other, and sold themselves to strangers, and strangers sold themselves to Jews. They had no slave-markets, such as America and Turkey have. The laws of Moses contain humane regulations touching the extent and nature of such bond-service, altogether unlike the Slavery of America, but not very dissimilar to the bond or bound-service common to civilised nations. Persons taken in robbery, who could not make restitution, were sold into bond-service; such, no doubt, would terminate when the service was equal to the fine imposed.

(9.) No Jew could be held in bondage more than six years. The seventh he went out free. On the year of Jubilee, liberty was proclaimed to ALL the inhabitants of the land. There are no such regulations as these in American Slavery. The service, too, was a matter of purchase between master and man; it is not so in America. A master who maimed a servant—he went out free. If a servant fled from his master, he was not to be sent back again.—Deuter. xxiii. 15. A servant who was bought into a house, in his treatment, was ordained to be as one of the household. Leviticus xxii. 10.—No stranger, hired servant, or sojourner was allowed to eat of

the holy meat of the priest; but a soul the priest had bought into his house, with all who were his family, were to be admitted to all the social comforts, and religious privileges of the house, which included the very best instruction of the priest's house. There is no comparison between American Slavery and Jewish servitude in all those particulars.

(10.) The slaveholders of America claim kindred with Abraham in this nefarious trade; they do not with Joseph's brethren, which is a case in point. It is true that Hagar, who was a hand-maid of Sarah, and a bond-servant, got proud and overbearing with her mistress, who, in turn, so ill-treated her that she fled from her, and was advised by an angel of the Lord to return to her mistress. This suffices to show that a bond-servant to a patriarch stood in a relation in the house, that an angel could commend. So does the following fact. Eliezer, who was the bond-servant of Abraham, was his steward, and Abraham failing of issue, Eliezer would have been the possessor of all his property. In the inventory of patriarchal property, no slaves are mentioned. In this bond-service to Abraham there is a wide difference from American Slavery.

(11.) The curse of Noah on Ham, or Canaan, has been clung to for the enslavement of the black. The unfounded superstition, prevalent in ancient times, that Noah, on his death-bed, bequeathed the East to Shem, the West to Japheth, and Africa to Ham, has been used as a warrant for the slavery of Ham's descendants. The whole matter is scarcely worth a serious argument, were it not true that people cling to this superstition still. Is there a spark of authority in the curse of God, on women. Genesis iii. 16;—"Thy husband shall rule over thee," for reducing them to slaves; the case is parallel with the curse of Noah on Canaan, so far as the obedience is concerned; with this set off in favour of the African, there is no more evidence that he is a descendant of Canaan, than we Europeans are; and in the case of the curse, it was only fallible Noah that said the words, "A servant of servants shalt thou be."

(12.) That a portion of Ham's seed settled in Africa, we believe; but, so far from those Egyptians being the servants of Shem, they were for many hundreds of years Shem's masters. Jacob bowed in reverence before those Africans; Joseph proudly served in faithfulness, and his brethren were glad to be Pharaoh's servants. From Canaan, on whom the curse was specially pronounced, sprung illustrious sailors and merchants of Tyre, Sidon, and Phenicia, of whom Isaiah spoke as

"The dispensers of crowns,
Whose merchants are princes;
Whose tradesmen are the honourable of the earth."

Men never think of Ham's posterity now, but as of those poor shivering blacks, for which we have no authority but the unfounded tradition mentioned, which consigns them all to Africa; whereas we know that the early history of the world places them among the most illustrious warriors, the richest merchants, the skilled sailors of industrious and affluent nations, and the pros-

perous cultivators of science and art. We have no more reason to be ashamed of the seed of Ham, than of Shem, or Japheth. The Old Testament no more teaches the enslavement of the blacks, than of the whites, or of our daughters and wives. The bond-service, regulated by Mosaic law, can no more be compared with American Slavery, than the condition of an English servant, with the condition of an American slave. To say the Old Testament sustains Slavery is as void of proof as that the constitution of England sustains Slavery. Bond-service was allowed, and is regulated by both the laws of Moses, and of England. The spirit of the Old Testament is, "RELIEVE THE OPPRESSED, DO JUSTICE, AND BREAK EVERY YOKE." "HE THAT STEALETH A MAN, AND SELLETH HIM, OR IF HE BE FOUND IN HIS HAND, HE SHALL SURELY BE PUT TO DEATH."

(To be continued.)

BE OF GOOD CHEER.

THERE are seasons, great crises of weakness, and terror, and suffering in human lives, when darkness and fear settle upon the soul, when all the lights seem to go out, and the great billows go over it.

And at such times, with what marvellous beauty, and richness, and significance, do some old Bible passages which we have known all our lives, and said over at morning and at evening, open upon our souls! The spring is touched, and hungry, and athirst, and faint, we go in, and lo! these old familiar passages are like stately rooms, furnished with all grace and beauty, or they are great gates leading into gardens filled with all rare and precious fruits, where sweet birds sing, and springs of water cool the air, and the soul sits down under the shadows, and is filled with peace!

And then again, in the small rain of every-day life, amid the little fretting, wearing cares and trials which slowly eat and rust out the hope and vigour of the soul, how these passages flash down into our soul like perfumed lamps, pouring sudden light into dark places, and the soul looking up, goes on its way strengthened and refreshed!

"Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world."

Oh! reader, if your eyes have been opened to see, and your heart to understand, what a blessed gift these works are to every human life, blessed are ye!

When all faith in our own strength to do good has left us, when we see what deep roots pride, and vanity, and selfishness have taken in our hearts; when the way of duty seems so sharp and rugged that our feet cannot climb it; when care, and vexation, and fearful suffering beset us on every side, then there suddenly rings down through the silent centuries, like the notes of a trumpet, that exultant, triumphant call, which cleaves to the heart of all doubt and dismay, and sets our foot once more upon the Rock: "Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world."—*Arthur's Magazine.*

THE FALLEN ANGEL.

A city rocked in the earthquake's din,
 Its roofs and its pinnacles toppling in :
 A shattered ship, with its ghastly freight,
 Slow sinking down 'neath the tempest's weight :
 A nation mown by the scythe of war,
 With its children bound to the victor's car :
 A people crowding the halls of death,
 Heaped like pale leaves by the famine's breath :
 Oh ! these are awful and dread to see,
 But a darker vision I bring to thee.

A living Babe, on the dead, cold breast
 Of its Mother, frozen to marble, rest :
 A starving Child, while the sleet falls hoar,
 Driven with blows from the rich man's door :
 A Prisoner, bound in the dungeon's halls,
 Where no ray of hope or of sunshine falls :
 A Martyr, chained to the crackling pyre,
 While the mob grow drunken with blood and ire :

Oh ! these are awful and dread to see,
 But a darker vision I bring to thee.

A gentle Girl, with her dove-like eyes,
 Blooms 'neath the glow of her home's glad skies,
 Her heart o'erbrimming with love divine,
 As a diamond chalice with precious wine,
 But the Spoiler comes with his specious wiles,
 Like a Demon *wille*—like an angel smiles :
 Then blossoms the soul of that beautiful one,
 As a rose unfolds 'neath the ardent sun,
 And her life grows joyous—but woe is me,
 Dark is the vision I show to thee.

She has left her home, she has made her nest
 In the fancied truth of that chosen breast ;
 But his love was lust, and his troth a lie,—
 He sates his passion and flings her by ;
 He flings her by, and his leprous kiss
 Blisters at last, and with demon hiss
 He bids her live—ah, treacherous breath,
 On the price of virtue—the sale of death.

Dark is the vision I show to thee,
 But a darker sight there is yet to see.

"I am spoiled by falsehood—not leagued with sin,
 I will seek my home, it will fold me in :
 It will not be long, for this aching grief,"
 She murmurs, "will bring me the cypress wreath."

But, ah, she is scorned from her father's door—
 The bosom that fed her will own her no more—
 And her old companions breathe her name
 With a scornful sneer, and a word of shame.

Dark is the vision I show to thee,
 But a darker shadow is there to see.

Her soul grew wild with that last despair,
 Her lips moved then—but not in prayer :
 "They drive me with curses from virtue's way,
 I was once betrayed—I will now betray."
 She nerved with the wine-cup her thin frail form :

She wreathed her lips with a dazzling scorn :
 She sold her charms in the streets at night,
 Her lips were poison—her glances blight.

Dark is the vision I show to thee,
 But its closing shadow is yet to see.

The sleet swept bleak through the silent mart,
 O'er a dying form and a dying heart :
 She sank on the pavement cold and bare ;
 Her shroud was wove by the snowy air :
 The scornful lips and the woe-worn face
 Smoothed down into childhood's peaceful grace.
 The Guilty here spurned the child of sin,
 But the Angels there bade her welcome in.
 Dark is the vision I've pictured thee,
 What hast thou done that it may not be ?

Rev. T. L. Harris.

A GLORIOUS TRUTH.
THE MORAL CREATION DELIVERED.

"For the earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God. For the creature was made subject to vanity, not willingly, but by reason of him who hath subjected the same in hope. Because the creature itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption, into the glorious liberty of the children of God."—Rom. viii. 19, 21.

The sense of the passage which we have placed at the head of these remarks is somewhat obscured by the translation of the Greek word *ktisis*, rendered *creature*. Professor Stuart, Trinitarian, maintains that the word signifies "mankind in general ;" and he adds, "I apprehend the meaning to be the same as in Mark xv. 16 (every creature) ; Col. i. 23 (every creature), i.e. *man, men, mankind in general*." See his Commentary on Romans, 1832, p. p. 328, 342. We suppose the phrase *moral creation* would express precisely the Professor's idea, which is undoubtedly the true one. Let us then read the verses with *ktisis* thus translated.

"For the earnest expectation of the *moral creation* waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God. For the *moral creation* was made subject to vanity, not willingly (on the part of the creation), but by reason of him who hath subjected the same in hope : because (or that) the moral creation itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God." That the apostle means the *whole entire* creation, every intelligent creature, is evident from the *pasa he ktisis*, the *whole creation*, in the 22nd verse :

"For we know that the *whole creation* groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now." This is the same creature which, in the 21st verse, is said to be in the bondage of corruption, from which it shall be delivered, and brought into the glorious liberty of the sons of God. It is impossible for us to assign any meaning to the apostle's words, unless we allow he intended to say, that all the intelligent creation of God shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption, and brought into a state of holiness and felicity. Wakefield says, in his translation, "For though the creature hath become subject to vanity (not willingly, but by reason of him who brought it into this subjection), it is in hope that this very creation will be set free from this bondage of corruption by the glorious liberty of the children of God." Macknight says, on verse 20, "The creature here, as in verse 19, signifies *all mankind*." But the most lucid commentator on this passage whom we have ever read, is Belsham, in his work, "The Epistles of Paul, the

Apostle, translated," etc. He says, "this is one of the strongest passages in the New Testament, in favour of the Universal Restoration of all mankind to virtue and happiness; nor do I see what sense can be made of it upon any other interpretation." "Verse 19: 'For the earnest longing of the creation waiteth for this manifestation of the sons of God.' I may add, that the actual state and condition of mankind makes it probable, not only that the virtuous believers in Christ will be put into possession of the promised inheritance, but that even they who are at present excluded will ultimately attain a similar state.

* * * Having been placed by their wise and good Creator in circumstances of such great natural and moral disadvantages, without any fault of their own, it is reasonable to expect that he will not leave them there to perish, and to curse their existence, but that he will ultimately advance them to a better and a happier state; and the accession of true believers (who, without any antecedent merit, were placed in circumstances of superior privilege) to the happiness promised by the Gospel, forms a strong moral presumption that even the unbelieving world, who, without any fault of their own, were naturally placed in a state of servitude to idolatry, and sin, and death, shall in their turn likewise be rescued from their cruel tyrants, be put into possession of their moral liberty, be adopted into the family of God, and be made partakers of the glorious and divine inheritance. Verse 22: 'For we know that the whole creation groaneth together, and is in labour together until this day.' They feel their ignorance, their weakness, and their misery; and their wise men and philosophers are labouring, but to little purpose, to remedy the evil. They are, as it were, in the pangs and throes of child-birth; and their moral state is so desperate that it seems almost to demand a divine interposition to rescue his human offspring from destruction. Such is the present state of the heathen world, of which it is impossible that you who reside at Rome, the imperial city, the chief seat of idolatry and vice, can be ignorant. Such are the glorious topics of consolation which the apostle suggests to his suffering friends, and by which he animates them to persevere in their attachment to the Christian faith. Not only are they encouraged to hope for a reward which will, beyond all comparison, outweigh their present sufferings, but they are taught to regard their own election to present privileges and their future exaltation to happiness, as an argument that all their brethren of mankind, not even excepting their enemies and their persecutors, will ultimately share in the same happiness and glory. For as he has proved in the former part of the Epistle, that believers have been favoured with inestimable privileges without any antecedent merit, so he here argues, that it is but equitable that they who have been placed in circumstances of great moral disadvantage, without any fault of their own, should eventually, in their turn, be advanced to the same privileges and happiness as their brethren; so that the whole human race will in the end equally share in the love and favour of the great Universal Parent."

SOME DIFFERENCE.

WIGGINS was somewhat profane in speech; in truth, he swore not unlike the army in Flanders. It was wrong in him to do so, because he violated a direct commandment of Heaven's Law, and shocked the ears of pious Christian people not a little.

Muggins was pious in speech; in truth, exhorted and prayed like a saint, to the edification of the church, and as a monitor to sinful men.

Digby was a poor man, with a family dependent upon his daily labours for support; and, alas! what a misfortune overtook him: at his toil in quarrying stone he fractured a limb, and was borne home on a litter.

Muggins pitied Digby; hoped and prayed that God would bless him; that his misfortune might be overruled for his spiritual welfare; and hinted that the town poor-masters should take his case into consideration; and he, Muggins, would remember Digby in his prayers.

Wiggins heard of Digby's misfortune, and he let out a few—; declared it the result of "devilish carelessness," and nothing else, but he would go over and see him. He went over, with a loaf of bread under each arm, and a stout boy trudging along in company carrying a good big ham. 'Twas wrong in Wiggins to do so; *i.e.*, he ought to have carried the ham himself, and let the boy carry the bread; but he was a thoughtless fellow, as well as a little profane now and then.

He went in; told Digby that he always knew that Digby's neck would be broken because of downright carelessness. "But," says he, "I feel bad for you: so bad to-day," pointing to the bread and ham,— "and shall feel worse to-morrow, if necessary. Keep up good courage, neighbour Digby, you shall not starve; and when you get well again, take a little better care of your bones." The word "*bones*" and the noise of the door mingled into one, and Wiggins was gone. Mrs. Digby wiped the tears from her eyes, and glanced at the treasure on the table, and didn't know but it might be the answer to the prayer of Deacon Muggins; he was such a good and pious man; he undoubtedly had great influence with Him on the everlasting throne.

But surely there was some difference in Wiggins and Muggins, and it was well for poor Digby that there *was* some difference in them; for had they been alike, Digby would have been in a poor fix; he would have starved or suffered with the gout.

Reader, which of these twain was the better Christian? Perhaps you may be at a loss to answer, so we will quote from the language of one who is quite good authority in such cases:

"Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world; for I was hungered and you gave me meat; I was thirsty and ye gave me drink; naked and ye clothed me; I was sick and ye visited me: I was in prison and ye came unto me."

Very like Wiggins, but not much like Muggins: Were they not?—*Duell. Dow.*

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

Note Well.—Gilded roofs and silver door-locks cannot shut out sleepless nights.

Cultivate Flowers.—Flowers are the sweetest things that God ever made, and omitted to put a soul into.

For Worship Too.—There is an extreme Protestantism which makes the pulpit *all*, or nearly all, and leaves ungratified the heart's instinctive demand for earnest, profound worship. "My house shall be called a house of prayer"—not a house of preaching only.

Protestant Progression.—In the present aspects of French Protestantism there are said to be many very encouraging facts. It is believed that there are now about 1,600,000 Protestants in France—an increase of perhaps half-a-million since 1800.

A Short Discussion.—A celebrated D.D. wrote a work on the Atonement, very heretical in the eyes of his brother clergymen. One of his friends wrote to him. "Dear Doctor: I have read your sermon on the Atonement, and have wept over it. Yours,—" To which the Doctor replied—"Dear Sir: I have read your letter, and laughed over it. Yours,—" How much better than half-a-dozen reams of controversy, which would have left the combatants farther apart than when they began—probably with the loss of Christian temper and charity.

Praying to the Devil.—In the recently published life of the Rev. Dr. Bush, the eminent Biblical commentator, it is said that he early learned to believe in God and the devil, and used to pray to them both. "He knew," says his biographer, "it was no use to flatter or cajole the Lord, but the devil, he thought, might be somewhat appeased in this way, and his prayers to this personage therefore partook somewhat of the nature of compliment and acknowledgment of his splendid abilities, by which he thought to gain his favour, and ward off some of his wiles." It would be well if Christian preachers would at once "renounce the devil and all his works."

Fire! Fire! Fire!—Rather a funny scene took place in one of our northern chapels, some time ago. The preacher was a fire and brimstone orator, and terminated one of his periods in a way that terminated the rest of the usefulness of that service. Describing the punishment of the lost, he shouted, it was "fire, fire, fire!" A poor woman had fallen asleep, who was awoken by the shout, and immediately, half a sleep, stood up and cried "*where*," which raised a titter. She ran out of the chapel, asking "*where*?" Not many souls saved that day.

A Curious Confession.—An old neighbour said she was once induced to attend a Unitarian chapel: she would not be found there again. "The very book they called *their Bible*, from which the lessons were read—I will never forget the insult"—said she, "epoke of Jesus as the 'son of a carpenter.'" An angel could not have persuaded her that it was the authorised version, and not a Unitarian Bible as she thought. There are preachers and pastors of Trinitarian churches as prejudiced as this poor woman.

A Great Truth.—It seems to me a great truth that human things cannot stand on selfishness, mechanical utilities, economics, and law courts; that if there be not a religious element in the relations of men, such relations are miserable and doomed to ruin!—*Carlyle*.

The Last Book Burned.—The last noticeable instance of book-burning by authority occurred in 1723. The celebrated physician, Dr. Mead, purchased from the library of the Landgrave of Hesse, a copy of the "*Christianismi Restitutio*," of Servetus, the publication of which cost the author his life. This particular copy was reputed to have belonged to Collodon, one of his accusers. The doctor determined to reprint the ill-fated work in quarto, but before the edition was completed the sheets were seized at the instance of Dr. Gibson, Bishop of London, and the impression burned, May 27, 1723. A few copies escaped destruction, one of which may be seen in the library of the Medical Society of London. In 1770, a perfect reprint was issued, but only four copies are now known in existence. The original copy passed from Dr. Mead into the hands of the Duc de le Valliere.—*Chambers's Journal*.

Drs. Paley and Priestley Universalists.—Dr. Paley says, "There may be very little to choose between the condition of some who are in hell, and others who are in heaven." He also says, "God's wrath and anger are more terrible in the sound than in the sense, and that being damned does not imply any fixed degree of evil." He also expresses the hope "that all men will ultimately be happy—when punishment has done its work in reforming principles and conduct." Dr. Priestley, while on his death-bed, called for Simpson's work on Universal Restoration, which he recommended in these terms: "It contains my sentiments; we shall all meet finally; we only require different degrees of discipline, suited to our different tempers, to prepare us for final happiness."

Campbell Saw It.—Campbell, the poet, observed that "he could not account for the corruptions and changes in the different creeds of faith professed generally in the world. Of all things the essence of a religious belief was immutability of principle, since its end was to place the mind above the changes of sublunary things upon a fixed object of reliance. All creeds and systems of faith had become so corrupted in time as to bear no resemblance, except in name, to those promulgated by their founders, so far as even to become diametrically opposite to them. In some modern states religion bore little resemblance in its forms, and less in principle, to the clear meaning of the text of the New Testament.—*Redding's Life of Campbell*.

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Printed by W. ROBINSON, High-street, Stockton.